

WESTERN JUSTICE! READ "FINGER OF DOOM!"

MANHUNT

NO. 7

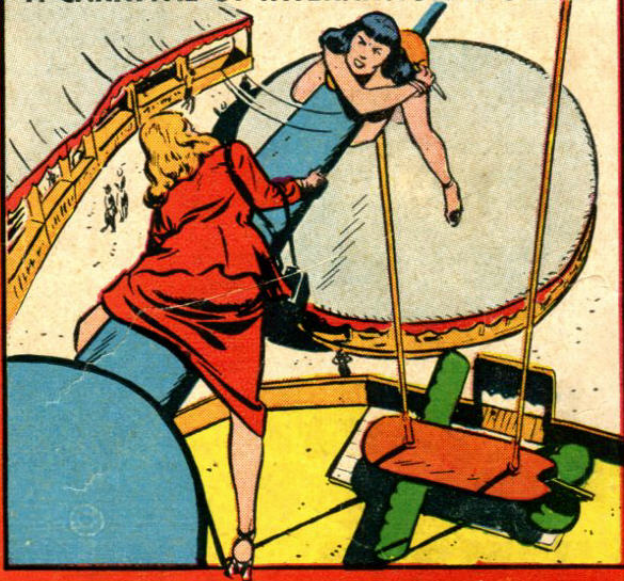
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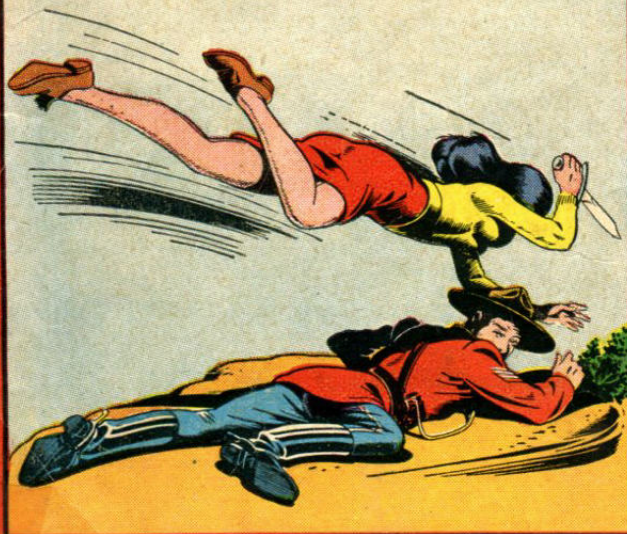
INSPECTOR KIRK OF SCOTLAND YARD
HUNTS A NIGHT-PROWLING MONSTER!



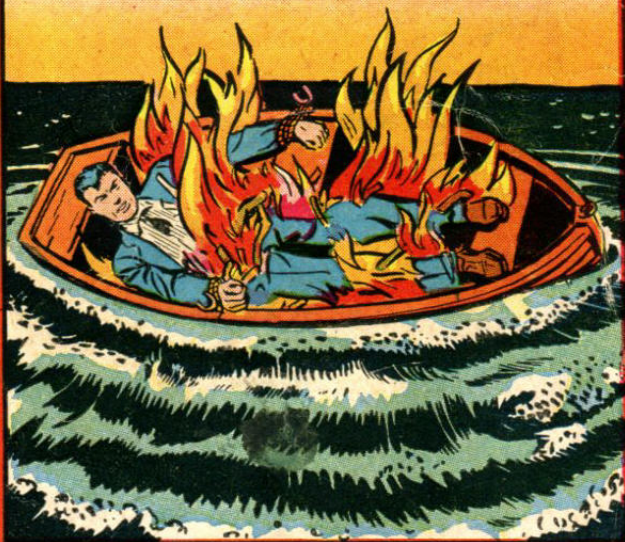
UNDERCOVER GIRL RIDES WITH DEATH IN
A CARNIVAL OF INTERNATIONAL CRIME!



THE RED FOX OF THE ROYAL CANADIAN
MOUNTED POLICE BATTLES A SHE-WOLF!



FALLON OF THE F.B.I. ENCOUNTERS THE
WOMAN WHO CAME FROM THE GRAVE!





WEB COMIC
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THE FINGER OF DOOM!

by Gardner F. Fox

THE HUNT was up. From the outlying ranches, the cowhands were gathering, their guns and rifles oiled and cleaned. One of the hands from the K-bar-J spread was coiling a lariat whose dangling end was formed into an ominous noose. Another was snapping loose the cylinder of his Colt revolver, checking its full load of six brass-jacketed cartridges. A man with a star badge on his cowhide vest came out of the town's general store, scowling.

The sheriff said, "He's out in the butte country, riding like the wind. Got a red mare that's fast."

Ox Marlin of the Sleepy-Face ranch grinned, "He won't do much runnin' in the buttes. Too rocky. Maybe we got the thievin' coyote at last. Teach him to rustle steers!"

Saddle leather creaked as men swung up by stirrups. The sheriff waved an arm. He yelled, "Let's go! We'll get him by nightfall, and string him to the nearest tree! Let's ride!"

The posse swept in behind the lawman's racing roan. A cloud of dust rose up into the blue Arizona sky. Someone yelled like a Comanche on the warpath.

* * *

Jag Holmer reined in his winded mare. He looked behind him, at the vast waste of cactus-dotted plains that lead in a sweeping rise up into the buttes. There was no sign yet of pursuit, but he knew they were coming. The Sleepy-Face hands had caught him and his boys in the arroyo with three straight-irons and a few head of Sleepy-Face cattle, altering brands.

Jag remembered the bitterness of that fight. He had been stooped over, the smell of scorching flesh and hair in his nostrils, the heat of the red-hot tip of the straight iron close to his face, when a bullet had ploughed sand a

foot from his spur-pointed boot. Another bullet caught the branding iron and ripped it from his hand.

Jag whirled, his men yelling and scattering for cover as they sighted the cowhands coming down at them over the rise of the leche-guilla-dotted hill. Jag went for his Colts, lifting them clear of the leather holsters.

The guns bucked and flamed in his hands. A cowhand slid limply backward over the cantle of his saddle. A roan mare whinnied, went plunging forward.

Then Jag was running, calling to his men. His mare tossed her head, sidled toward him. A cowhand was racing toward the mare, firing as he came. Jag triggered his guns, saw the man veer off, cursing hotly, a thin streak of blood staining the sleeve of his shirt.

But the cowmen were shooting straight and true. One of the outlaws fell forward into the fire, lying there still and unmoving as the flames caught at his shirt. There was a round bullet hole in the middle of his forehead.

Another rustler was hit as he was putting a foot into a box stirrup. He tried to run with his frightened horse, but the animal went too fast. The wound in his chest made the rustler loose his grip on the reins, made him stumble two, three times before he went forward to gasp out his life in the blood-soaked sands.

Jag saw his men shot down all around him. He fired again and again, clearing a small space for his mare to run in. Then he was going up, a booted toe in the stirrup, swinging up into the saddle as the mare hit her stride. Jag bent forward over her neck, letting her run.

There wasn't a horse on this range that could catch the fleet little horse. Jag only hoped that a bullet wouldn't catch her before they reached shelter. He zigzagged her, keeping the big *saguaro* cactus between himself and his pursuers, using rocky humps and sandy hillocks to hide him. Eventually they got away. . . .

The ranchers would have outposts, waiting to make sure of him. He'd had to hole up two days—two precious days!—because he didn't dare cross the ranges in broad daylight. And he hadn't been familiar enough with this part of the country to risk moving at night.

"But I'm all right now," he told the mare, stroking her long, red mane. "We're in the buttes, and we can play hide-an'-seek here for a long time. Let 'em come!"

(Continued on inside back cover)

FALLON

OF THE

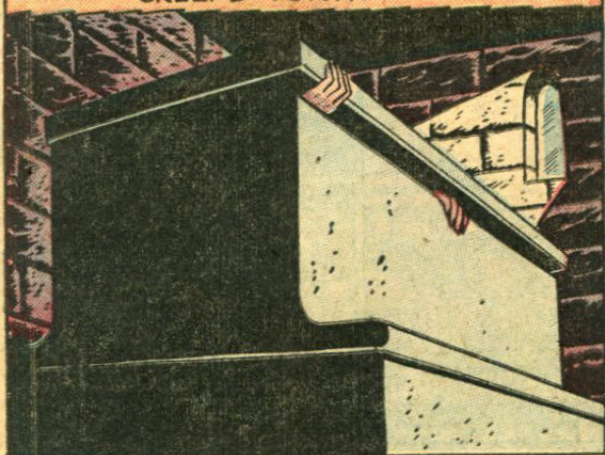
F.B.I.



THE FILES OF THE F.B.I. ARE BLACK WITH TALES OF ROBBERY AND MURDER. CRIME THAT SPEAKS IN FLASHING GUNS AND BLUDGEONING BLACKJACKS IS OLD AND FAMILIAR STUFF TO THE G-MEN. BUT A NEW KIND OF CRIME... WHERE DEATH IS AS SILENT AS THE BEAT OF BLOOD IN THE VEINS ... CAUSES JIM FALLON TO SHUDDER AS HE FACES --

TERROR FROM THE TOMB!

NIGHT, IN A LONELY GRAVEYARD. A STONE GRAVE-TOP LIFTS SLOWLY... A PALE HAND CREEPS FORTH



THE MOON IS BRIGHT TONIGHT. I FEEL HUNGRY. I HAVE NOT FED IN A LONG TIME!



FOOTSTEPS ECHO IN THE DESERTED WOOD.

NOTHING LIKE A BRISK WALK BEFORE BED. SETS A MAN UP FOR A GOOD SLEEP.



WHA-?





I FEEL LIKE A HEEL. POOR GIRL LOOKS WEAK! SHE PROBABLY WANTED TO ASK ME FOR HELP--AND I SOCKED HER ONE!



PARKS! OH, PARKS! WHERE ARE YOU?

HI, BILL. WHAT DID YOU FIND AND WHERE?



JIM FALLON! WHERE'D YOU DROP FROM?

I'M ON MY WAY BACK TO TOWN AFTER FINISHING THE GRAYSON COUNTERFEITING CASE. I CAN'T STAY. I'LL RUN ALONG AFTER SMOKING A CIGAR WITH YOU--SOME OF GRAYSON'S GANG ESCAPED!



DON'T FALL IN LOVE, THAT'S ALL I ASK.

NOT ME! I'M A CONFIRMED BACHELOR!



LATER THAT NIGHT, AS SILENCE SHROUDS THE OLD MORRISON MANSE...

I--AM--SO HUNGRY...



FOOD! I MUST HAVE FOOD!



AND IN THE MORNING...

I'M MYSELF AGAIN-- AFTER ALL THESE YEARS! IN A BIG HOUSE, WHICH I HOPE TO MAKE -- ALL MINE!

MANHUNT

WEEKS LATER -- G-MAN JIM FALLON
KEEPS IN TOUCH WITH HIS
SOCIALITE FRIEND VIA THE
NEWSPAPERS



THE F.B.I. HAS NO
OFFICIAL CONCERN
WITH SICK MEN, BUT
I CAN PAY A PAL A
VISIT



SO YOU'RE THE
GREAT JIM FALLON!
I'VE HEARD BILL
BOAST OF
KNOWING YOU SO
MUCH, I FEEL I
DO TOO!

MAY
I SEE
BILL?

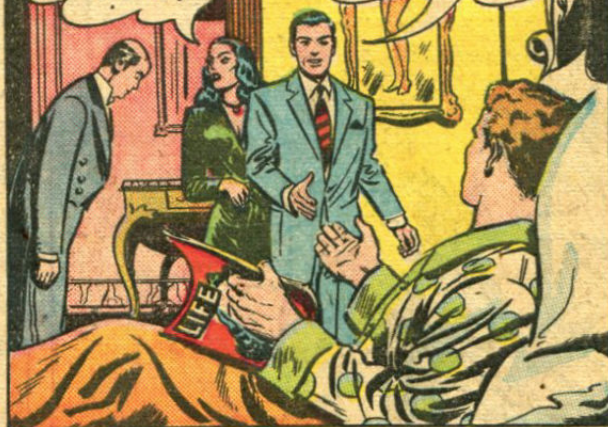


AS LORNA CROWN MORRISON WALKS
AHEAD OF HIM, THE G-MAN LIFTS A
HAND TO HIS COAT FLAP, WHERE A
TINY CAMERA IS HIDDEN ...



YOU MAY GO,
PARKS. WE'LL
LEAVE THEM
ALONE!

BILL! HELLO THERE!
CAME OVER TO
CHEER YOU UP!



TELL ME ABOUT
LORNA, BILL. IS
SHE -- WELL, IS
THERE ANYTHING
ODD ABOUT HER?

NOT A THING. SHE'S THE
SWELLEST WIFE A MAN
COULD HAVE. EXCEPT
FOR ONE THING --
SHE'S AFRAID OF
THE WOODS WHERE
I FOUND HER!



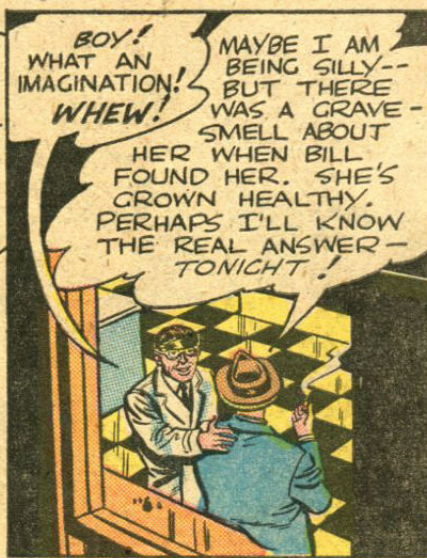
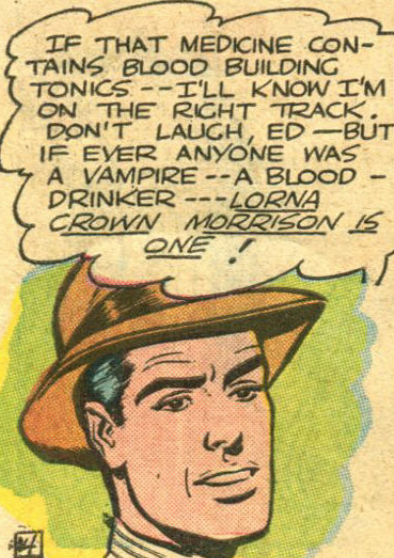
SOME HOURS LATER ...

IT'S GETTING DARK!
TIME FOR ME TO RUN ALONG.
I'LL SEE YOU SOON, BILL.

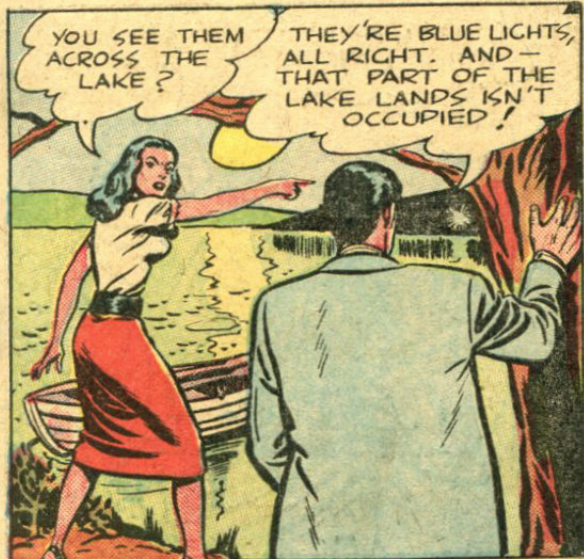
THERE! I HAVE
THAT MEDICINE
HE'S TAKING!

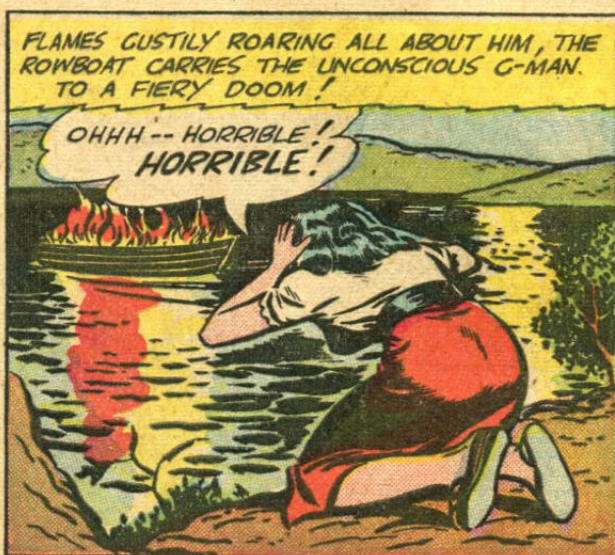


MANHUNT



MANHUNT





MANHUNT

WITH SUPERHUMAN STRENGTH BORN OF DESPERATION IN THE FACE OF CERTAIN DEATH, THE FEDERAL AGENT SWINGS HIS WEIGHT TO ONE SIDE OF THE BOAT --

JUST A LITTLE MORE -- AND SHE'LL TIP -- GOT TO MAKE IT -- SHE'S GOING -- OVER!



THE BOAT'LL HIDE ME FROM THOSE RATS' EYES. THERE'S A LITTLE AIR INSIDE THE BOAT IN WHICH TO BREATHE -- THE FIRES CHARRED THE ROPES THAT HELD ME SO I CAN BREAK THEM WITH A WRENCH --



I'LL PHONE OFFICE -- FOR HELP --



HALF AN HOUR LATER AT THE MORRISON MANSION --

YOU'RE THE MAN WE WANT, PARKS! TAKE HIM, BOYS!

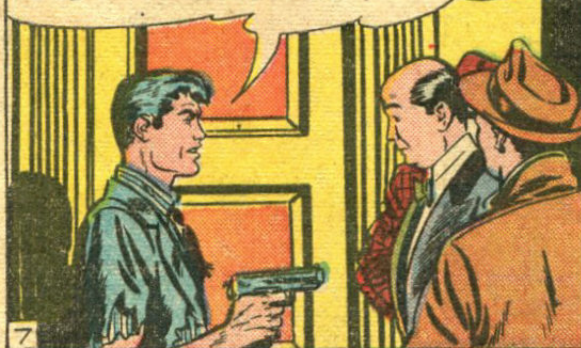
I-I DON'T UNDERSTAND!



THAT "MEDICINE" YOU WERE FEEDING BILL IS PURE WATER. BILL IS SUFFERING FROM LEUKEMIA -- WEAKNESS OF THE BLOOD CELLS! YOU THREW AWAY HIS REAL MEDICINE! YOU WANTED HIM TO DIE! -- BECAUSE YOU AND YOUR GANG OF COUNTERFEITERS ON THE ISLAND HAD TOO GOOD A THING TO LET IT SLIP!



YOU SET UP YOUR PRESSES ON THE ISLAND, USED YOUR POSITION HERE TO "SPREAD" THE FAKE MONEY. WHEN LORNA FOUND OUT -- YOU TRIED TO BURY HER ALIVE IN A VAULT -- SHE LOST HER MEMORY FROM THE HORROR! THAT WAS WHEN BILL FIRST FOUND HER!



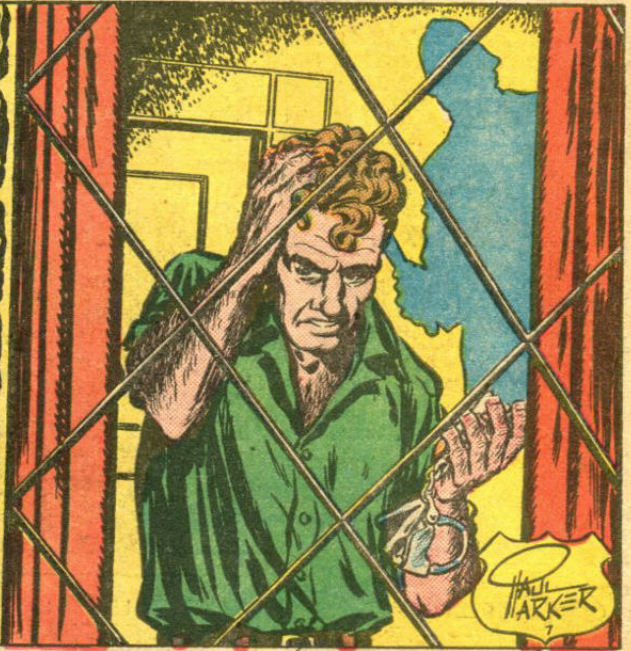
YOUR PICTURES SHOW YOU TO BE A LOST HEIRESS, MRS. MORRISON. YOU'RE AS ORDINARY AS I AM. AND ALL THE TIME, IN THE BACK OF MY MIND -- I WAS OBSESSED WITH THE THOUGHT THAT YOU WERE -- A **VAMPIRE** --!



Kirk of Scotland Yard

MARTIN KLEGG SEEMED JUST AN ORDINARY MAN... BUT WHEN THE MOON ROSE IN THE SKY AND NIGHT CAST ITS DARK SHADOWS ACROSS THE CITY— HE CHANGED...! AND INSPECTOR RONALD KIRK OF NEW SCOTLAND YARD HAD TO FACE THE CHALLENGE OF—

**"The Man With
The Beast-like Face"**



IN
A
LITTLE
ROOM
OFF
THE
BLOOMS-
BURY
SECTION
OF
LONDON...



UNLESS THESE HANDCUFFS WILL DO THE STUNT FOR ME— BY KEEPING ME CHAINED TO MY BED!



BUT AS RESTLESS DREAMS DISTURB HIS SLEEP, A QUEER CHANGE COMES ACROSS MARTIN KLEGG! HIS FACE LENGTHENS, GROWS HAIRY.....

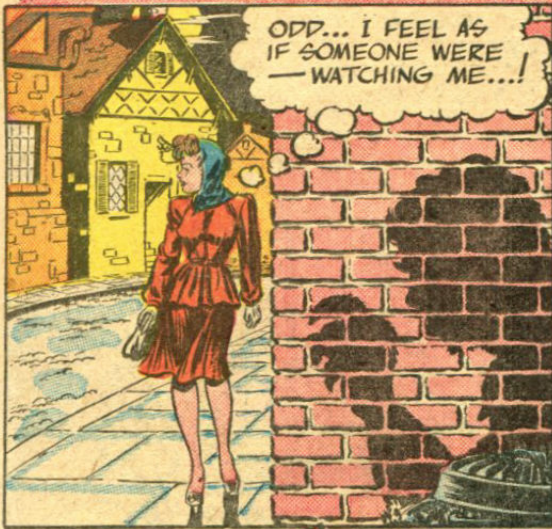


A SWIFT TUG AND THE HAND- CUFF SNAPS— KLEGG IS FREE!



MANHUNT

SOME BLOCKS AWAY, A FEW MINUTES LATER...



ODD... I FEEL AS IF SOMEONE WERE — WATCHING ME...!



AAEEEEEE



HOURS LATER — AT SCOTLAND YARD...



A GIRL — DEAD, INSPECTOR! SOME BIG DOG MUST'VE GOTTEN 'ER! 'ER THROAT — ALL TORN TO PIECES!

I'LL BE RIGHT WITH YOU... ORDER A FAST CAR, OFFICER!



I'LL TAKE THESE SILVER HANDCUFFS ALONG... IF I GET A CHANCE, I'LL PRESENT THEM TO THE OFFICER THEY'RE INTENDED FOR...

THE CAR IS WAITING, SIR...

FIFTEEN MINUTES LATER...



THERE AREN'T ANY DOG TRACKS... BUT — THERE ARE HAND MARKS ON HER DRESS! YET, A MAN COULDN'T HAVE RIPPED HER THROAT LIKE THAT....

IF NOT A MAN NOR A DOG — THEN WHAT?



WHAT'S THIS BESIDE THE BODY? A BROKEN CHAIN-LINK... BUT WHAT KIND OF A CHAIN? WAIT A MINUTE! I'VE SEEN THIS SORT OF LINK BEFORE!

MANHUNT



A HANDCUFF LINK, OFFICER! COULD IT BE AN ESCAPED CRIMINAL? OR—ONE OF OUR OWN MEN?

DON'T KNOW, SIR... BUT WE CAN FIND OUT BY INQUIRING OF THE HANDCUFF MANUFACTURERS...

NEXT MORNING, IN THE OFFICE OF A HANDCUFF MANUFACTURER...



YOU'LL NOTE THE SIMILARITY, INSPECTOR... THE LINKS MATCH—IT'S ONE OF OUR'S, ALL RIGHT... NOW, I'LL HAVE TO CHECK THE RECORDS FOR INDIVIDUAL PURCHASES...



THERE YOU ARE... A LOT OF NAMES AND ADDRESSES—IT WILL TAKE! LEG-WORK!

PEOPLE FAIL TO REALIZE THAT MOST GOOD DETECTIVE "GENIUS" IS JUST THAT—LEGWORK! THANKS FOR THE HELP... I'LL LET YOU KNOW HOW I MAKE OUT...

SEVERAL HOURS AND 15 ADDRESSES LATER—



IT'S GETTING LATE... THIS IS MY NEXT TO LAST CALL... I REALLY OUGHT TO GO BACK TO THE YARD BUT I'LL TRY HERE, ANYHOW...

IN A LITTLE BEDROOM ON THE THIRD FLOOR...



—GRRRFF! MOON... GLOWING... SHINY... MAKING ME HUNGRY! HUNGRY FOR BLOOD!



FOOTSTEPS...! SOMEONE—COMING! KNOCKING...!

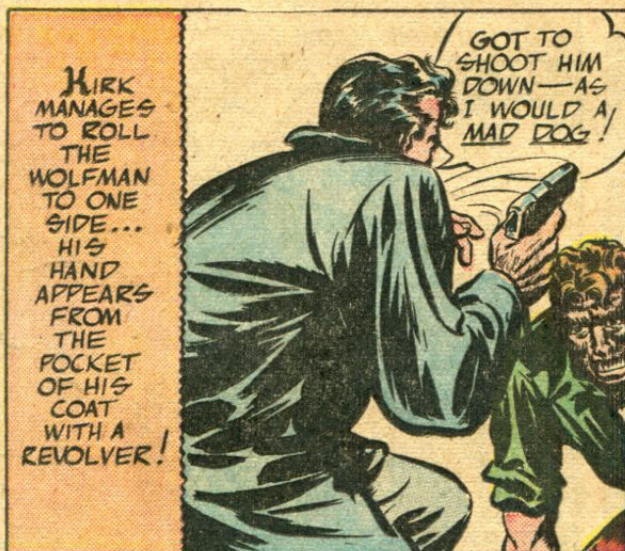


I KNOCKED...THE DOOR WAS OPEN...ANYONE HOME?

MANHUNT



INSPECTOR RONALD KIRK FACES GRIM DEATH AS THE LONG, WHITE FANGS OF THE WOLFMAN GAPE WIDE...!



KIRK MANAGES TO ROLL THE WOLFMAN TO ONE SIDE... HIS HAND APPEARS FROM THE POCKET OF HIS COAT WITH A REVOLVER!



THE BULLETS DON'T STOP HIM! THEY HIT HIM—BUT HE KEEPS ON COMING!

BAM BAM

THE WOLFMAN GRIPS KIRK BY THE THROAT AND MOVES IN FOR THE KILL...



CA-AGH! CAN'T H-HOLD THE MONSTER O-OFF....!

GRRFF! BLOOD! ...WANT BLOOD!



HE'S STRONG AS A BULL!—CRAZY—MAD! GOT TO HIT HARD!

WITH DESPERATE, SUPER-HUMAN STRENGTH, KIRK WRENCHES FREE AND SMASHES A TREMENDOUS BLOW ON THE MONSTER'S JAW....!

MANHUNT



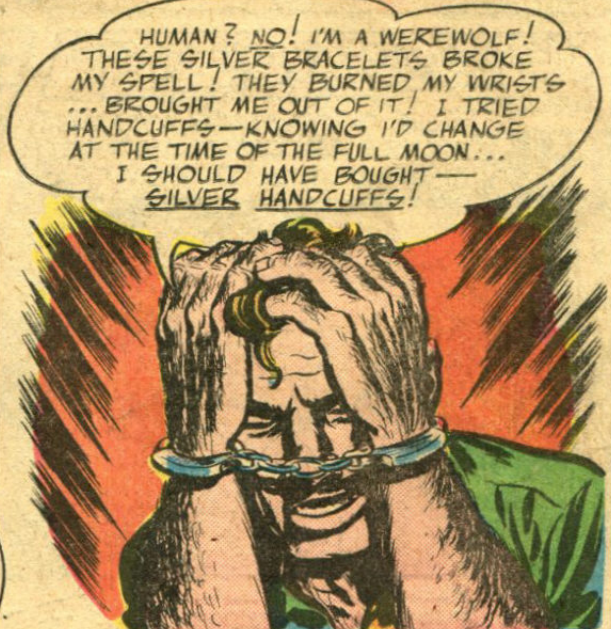
MANHUNT



HIRK RAMS HIS HAND INTO HIS COAT POCKET—FUMBLES FURIOUSLY—COMES UP WITH...



AS THE SCOTLAND YARD INSPECTOR SNAPS THE CUFFS ON—THE WEREWOLF HOWLS WITH PAIN...



The End

The RED FOX

OF THE
ROYAL CANADIAN MOUNTED POLICE

THE VAST SPACES OF THE CANADIAN NORTHLANDS SHELTER MANY MYSTERIES. HERE AND THERE ARE ISOLATED COMMUNITIES WHERE STRANGERS OFTEN... DISAPPEAR! WHILE ON ROUTINE PATROL, THE RED FOX... LE REYNARD ROUGE OF THE CREE INDIANS... STEPS INTO THE TRAP OF HATE AS HE BATTLES... THE BLACK FLOWER OF FEAR.....!!

IT IS NIGHT, AND THE BIRCH CAMPFIRE OF THE RED FOX GLOWS REDLY IN THE DARKNESS...

THAT'S FUNNY. WHY SHOULD MY FIRE REFLECT ON ANYTHING HALFWAY DOWN THAT CLIFF?



WHAT...?



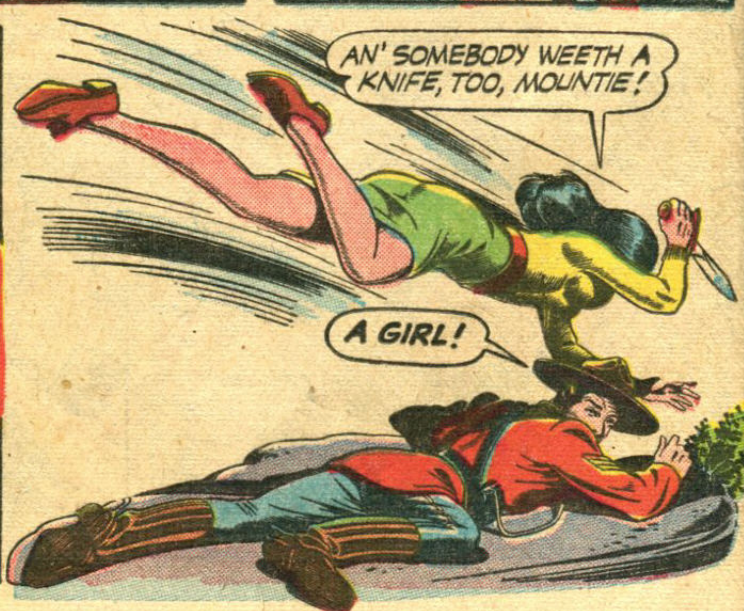
A SHOT RINGS OUT AND RICOCHETS FROM THE STONE LEDGE CLOSE TO RED FOX'S HEAD!

SOMEBODY SHOOTING...!



AN' SOMEBODY WEETH A KNIFE, TOO, MOUNTIE!

A GIRL!

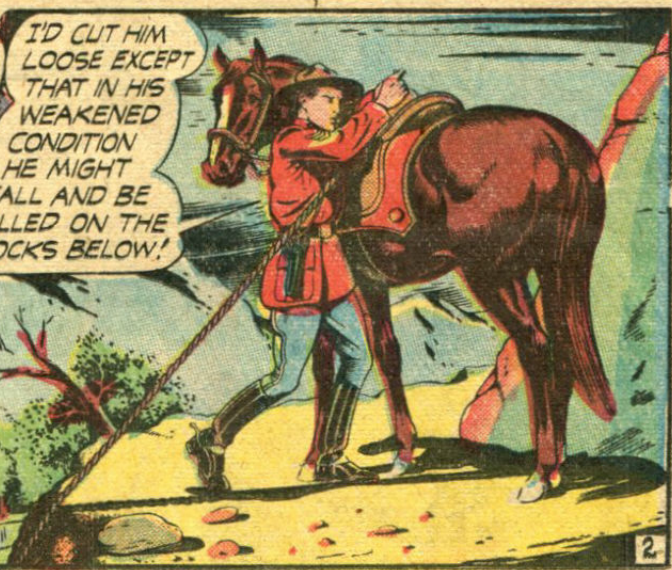


MANHUNT

YOU'RE LIKE A WILDCAT
...BUT I'VE FOUGHT
WILDCATS BEFORE!

YOU...YOU'RE
TOO... TOO
STRONG...

FACE TWISTED WITH HATE, THE
GIRL SINKS HER SHARP WHITE
TEETH INTO THE RED FOX'S HAND!



MANHUNT

EASY DOES IT. YOU'RE COMING... SLOWLY... THAT'S IT. NOW YOU'RE SAFE!

I THOUGHT SURE I'D BE FROZEN STIFF BY MORNING, THEN DUMPED IN THE RIVER... SO THAT WHEN MY BODY WAS FOUND NEXT SPRING IN THE THAW, THEY'D THINK I'D DROWNED!

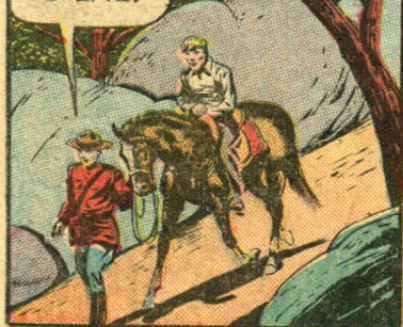


THE LATOIRS ARE LED BY A WOMAN. SHE CALLS HERSELF **LE FLEUR NOIR**... THE BLACK FLOWER! THEY WARNED ME NOT TO LOCATE HERE... WHEN I STAYED, THEY PUT ME IN THE WATER-HIDE!



AS DAWN TINTS THE AUTUMN LEAVES OF THE FOREST LANDS

WE'LL GO BACK TO YOUR CABIN. THIS IS FREE COUNTRY. NO ONE CAN TELL YOU WHERE TO LIVE... OR WHERE NOT TO LIVE.



WE WON'T NEED THIS ANYMORE!



WATCH OUT!



GET ZEM! WE WEEL TEACH ZEM A LESSON!

LET 'EM COME. GET IN BACK OF ME!



THIS WAY, THEY CAN'T GET BEHIND US!



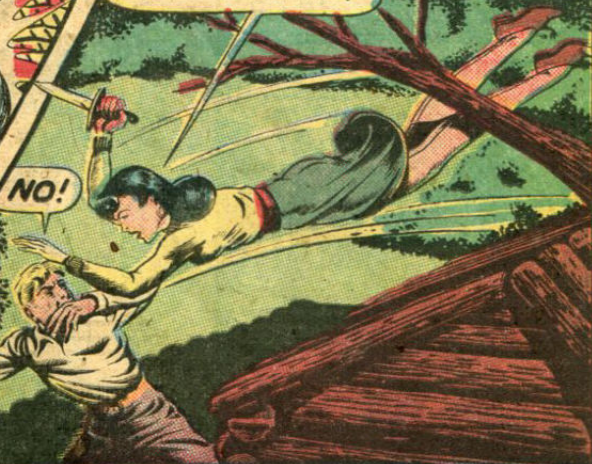
MANHUNT

ONE WAY TO GET YOU TO SEE SENSE... IS TO BEAT IT INTO YOU!



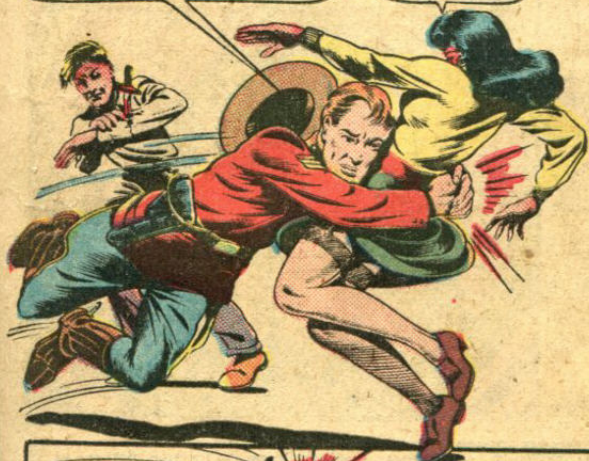
YOU WEEEL DIE LIKE THEES, TRAPER. YOU WOULD NOT LISTEN TO ZEE BLACK FLOWAIRE!

NO!



THE FORCE ALWAYS GETS ITS MAN... BUT IT LOOKS LIKE I'LL BRING BACK A WOMAN THIS TIME!

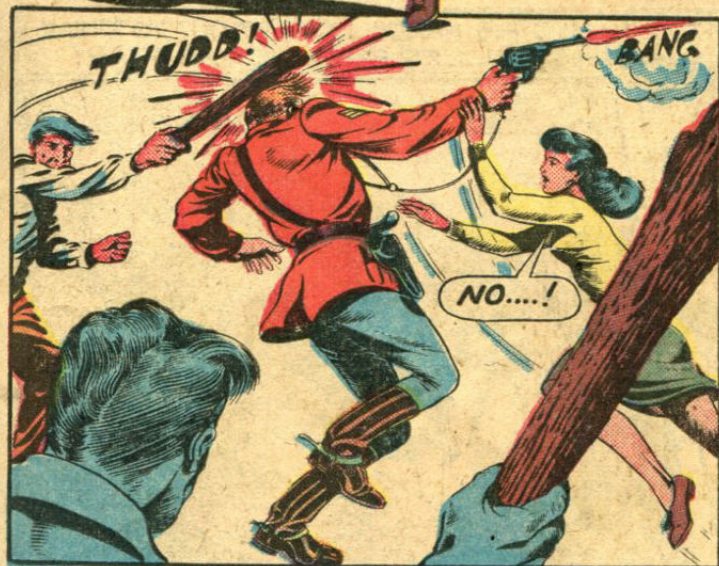
GET HEEM, YOU MEN! HEET HIM... WEETH CLUBS!



BUFFETED AND BATTERED BY HEAVY HICKORY CLUBS, THE RED FOX SINKS TO ONE KNEE, WARDING OFF... DEATH!



GOT TO... USE MY GLIN... AFTER ALL! DON'T LIKE TO USE IT... UNLESS IT'S NECESSARY!



T-HUDD!

BANG

NO....!

THEES EES NOT GOOD! I DO NOT LIKE TO 'AVE TROUBLE WEETH ZEE LAW. BUT EEF TROUBLE COME... ZUT! ZE BLACK FLOWAIRE, SHE WEEEL MEET HEEM... BY KEELING ZE MOUNTIE!



MANHUNT

TAKE TRANER BACK TO ZEE FORESTS. YOU WEEL FIND SOME WAY TO KEEL HIM... SO NO ONE WEEL BE ABLE TO BLAME US!

SURE WE WEEL, FLOWER. LEAVE IT TO US!

WHILE I WEEL TAKE CARE OF ZEE MOUNTIE...WEEZ ZEE LEETLE TRAPS.

AS THE RED FOX STIRS BACK TO CONSCIOUSNESS....

GET UP, MOUNTIE! YOUR FRIEND TRANER EES WELL OUT OF YOUR REACH BY NOW. ZAT EES WHAT WE DO TO STRANGERS WHO ARE TOO NOSEY...AN' WHO STEAL OUR FURS!

TOO NOSEY? STEAL YOUR FURS?

TRANER FOOLED YOU, HEIN? HE MADE BELIEVE HE WAS OH! SUCH A LEETLE EENOCENT! BUT DEED HE TELL YOU HE STEALS OUR FURS?

HE DEED! ALL OF ZEM DO! ZAT EES WHY WE DO NOT LIKE STRANGERS EEN OUR VALLEY. ZAT EES WHY WE MAKE ZEM ALL STAY AWAY. ZEY ARE BAD!

NO... HE DIDN'T!



AS THE SCARLET RIDER TAKES A STEP INTO A PILE OF LEAVES, HIS FOOT SETS OFF A POWERFUL STEEL TRAP!

IF THAT'S THE TRUTH, THEN ... OOPS!!

AND HIS HANDS... THRUST OUT TO BREAK HIS FALL... RELEASE ANOTHER TRAP!

HA! HA! HA! I KEPT YOU SO BEESY TALKING, YOU DEED NOT NOTECEE ZEE TRAPS, HEIN? HA! HA! HERE YOU WEEL DIE, M'SIEU MOUNTIE...AND NO ONE CAN BLAME ZEE LATOURS!



MANHUNT

TEETH GRITTED AGAINST THE PAIN THAT SEARS HIS ARMS AND LEGS, THE FOREST PATROLMAN TAUNTS HIS CAPTOR, MAKING HER EDGE CLOSER....

YOU LIED TO ME! THE LATOURS ARE JUST A PACK OF THIEVES AND KILLERS! I'M GLAD TO KNOW THAT....

NO, NO. I TOL' YOU ZEE TRUTH! EVEN EEF YOU DON' BELIEVE ME, EET EES....



DOUBLING UP HIS BODY, DRAGGING THE TRAPS AS FAR AS THEY WILL REACH ON THEIR CHAINS, THE SCARLET RIDER SLAMS A TRAP-EDGE DOWN ON THE BLACK FLOWERS HEAD...

OHhhh!

SORRY TO HAVE TO DO THIS... BUT IT ISN'T ONLY MY LIFE AT STAKE! IT'S TRANER'S, TOO!



WITH PAIN BLINDING HIM, THE RED FOX USES A KNIFE BLADE TO UNLOCK THE TRAPS.

HAVE TO BANDAGE MY WRISTS SO I DON'T BLEED TO DEATH! I'M PLENTY LUCKY THEY AREN'T BROKEN!



AFTER YOUR MEN! HURRY! IF TRANER DIES... YOU FACE A MURDER CHARGE!

I WEEL... HURRY!



DO NOT PUSH HEEM OVER ZEE CLEEF. ZEE RED FOX... TRICKED ME! WE ARE ALL... HEES FREESONERS!

THANK HEAVENS!

DON'T CHEER YET, TRANER!

ALL OF YOU ARE COMING TO FORT SIMPSON WITH ME... TO STAND TRIAL! WE'LL GET THE TRUTH OUT OF YOU YET....



MONTHS LATER, AT FORT SIMPSON...

THE COURT SENTENCED ME TODAY, BUT NOT FOR MURDER. ALL OF MY TRAPPERS AND MYSELF WEEL GO FREE EEN SEEX MONTHS. AN' TRANER... GOT SEEX YEARS!

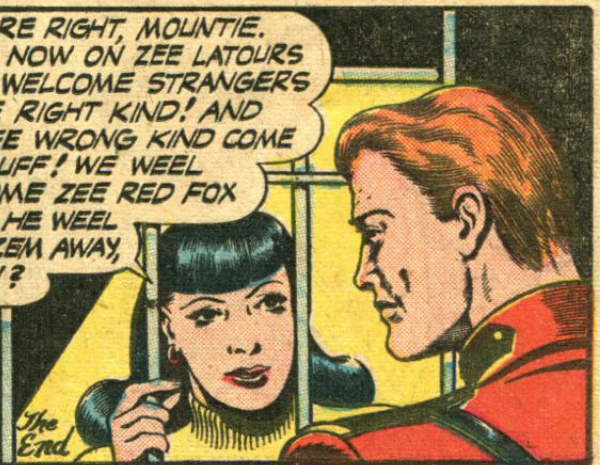
YOU SEE, FLEUR? THE LAW IS YOUR FRIEND!



YOU ARE RIGHT, MOUNTIE. FROM NOW ON ZEE LATOURS WEEL WELCOME STRANGERS... ZEE RIGHT KIND! AND EEF ZEE WRONG KIND COME... POLUFF! WE WEEL WELCOME ZEE RED FOX... AN' HE WEEL TAKE ZEM AWAY, HEIN?



The End



SPACE ACE

MANHUNTER

OF THE 21ST CENTURY

HARPS AND FLOWERS !

IT SOUNDS ROMANTIC, BUT IT IS THE DEADLIEST COMBINATION THAT THE FUTURE PATROLMEN OF THE STAR TRAILS HAVE EVER JETTED ACROSS! THE FLOWERS CAME FROM THE PLANET SATURN... BUT NO ONE KNEW THE ORIGIN OF...

"THE HARP OF DEATH!"



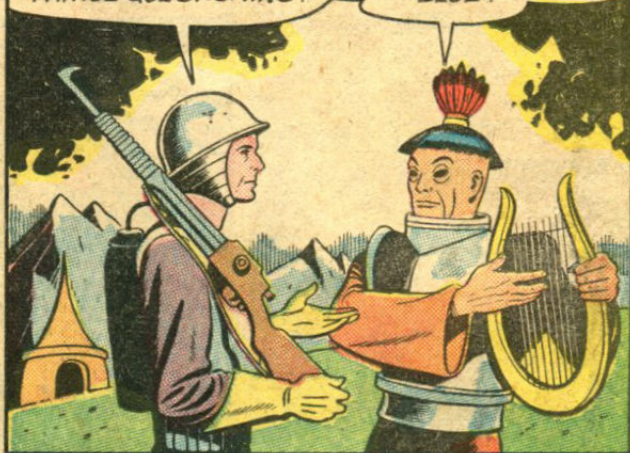
HE CAME WALKING OUT OF THE SINUS GOMER DESERT ON MARS. HE CARRIED A QUEER HARP IN HIS HANDS...



THE PATROLMAN ON ROUTINE DUTY STOPPED HIM FOR QUESTIONING...

STAND AND EXHIBIT YOUR PAPERS PATROL QUESTIONING !

I DON'T HAVE PAPERS, BUT I HAVE SOMETHING ELSE !



THAT MUSIC!... WEIRD... FRIGHTENING... DOING SOMETHING TO ME... INSIDE OF ME...!



NOTHING MUST STAND IN MY WAY. NOTHING... NOTHING! THE THING I'M HUNTING THREATENS THE ENTIRE UNIVERSE...

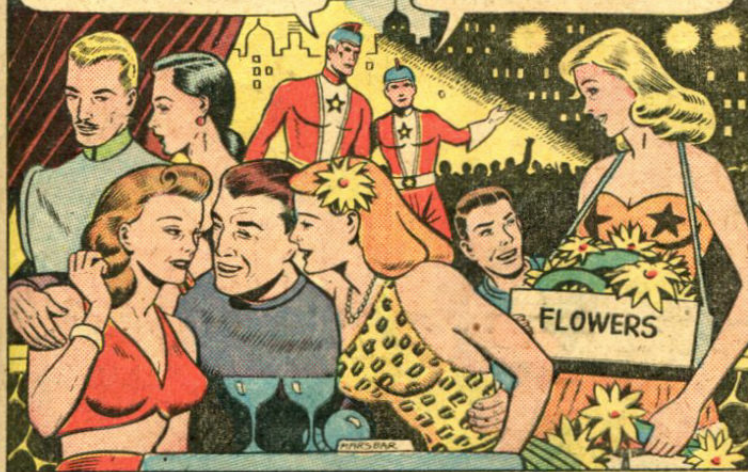


MANHUNT

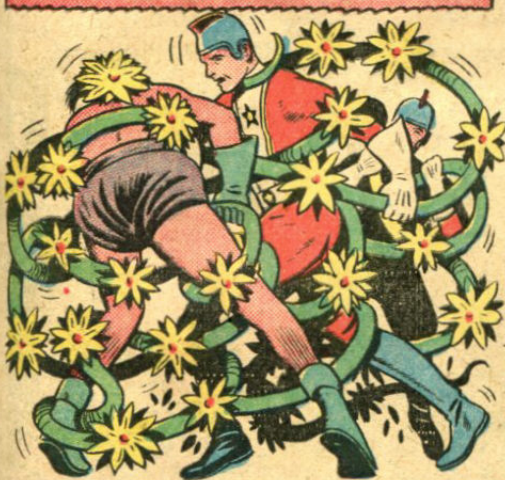
IN MARS PORT, ALONG THE GAY BLUE WAY—

PLENTY OF LIFE HERE, JAK. YOU'D THINK THEY NEVER HEARD OF THE GHOST KILLERS!

WE MIGHT AS WELL NOT'VE HEARD OF 'EM EITHER — FOR ALL WE'RE ABLE TO DO ABOUT IT!



AS THE SPACE ACE AND THE JACK OF STARS LEAP TO THE MAN'S RESCUE, THE FLOWERS TURN AND LOOP AROUND THEM!



I'M A GONER. BOUGHT... FLOWERS FROM... A GIRL... ON THE BLUE WAY... WITH SCAR ON HER THROAT...

WE'LL FIND HER!

THERE'S JUST A CHANCE, JAK, THAT THOSE FLOWERS EXPLAIN THE GHOST MURDERS. NO TRACKS WERE LEFT AT THE MURDER SCENES. NO CLUES OF ANY SORT...

BUT COULD MERE FLOWERS KILL AND THEN ESCAPE?

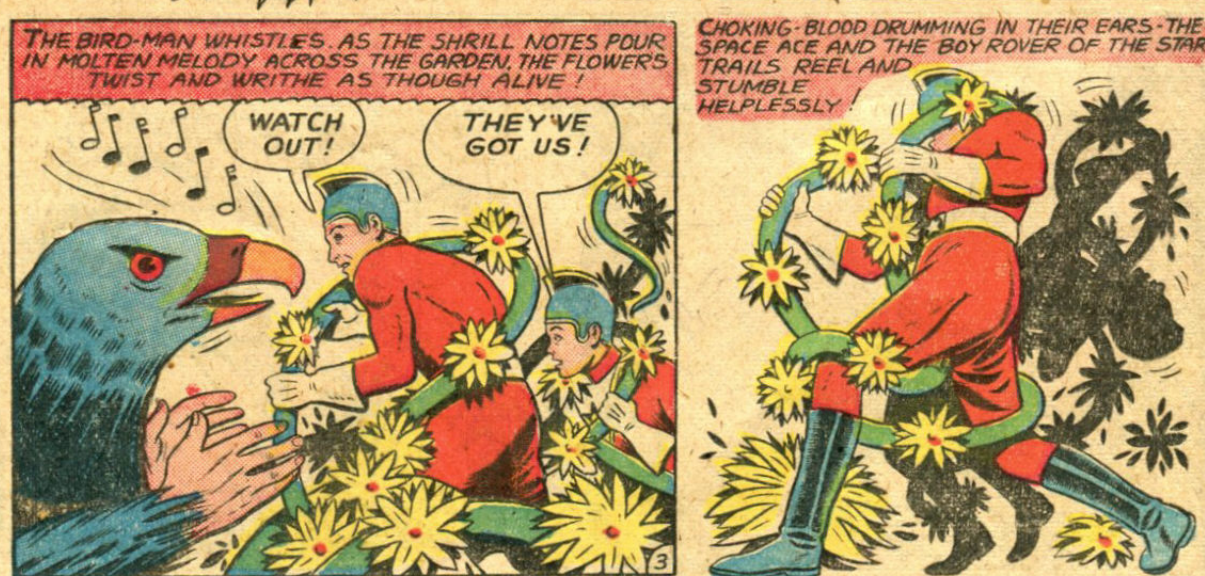
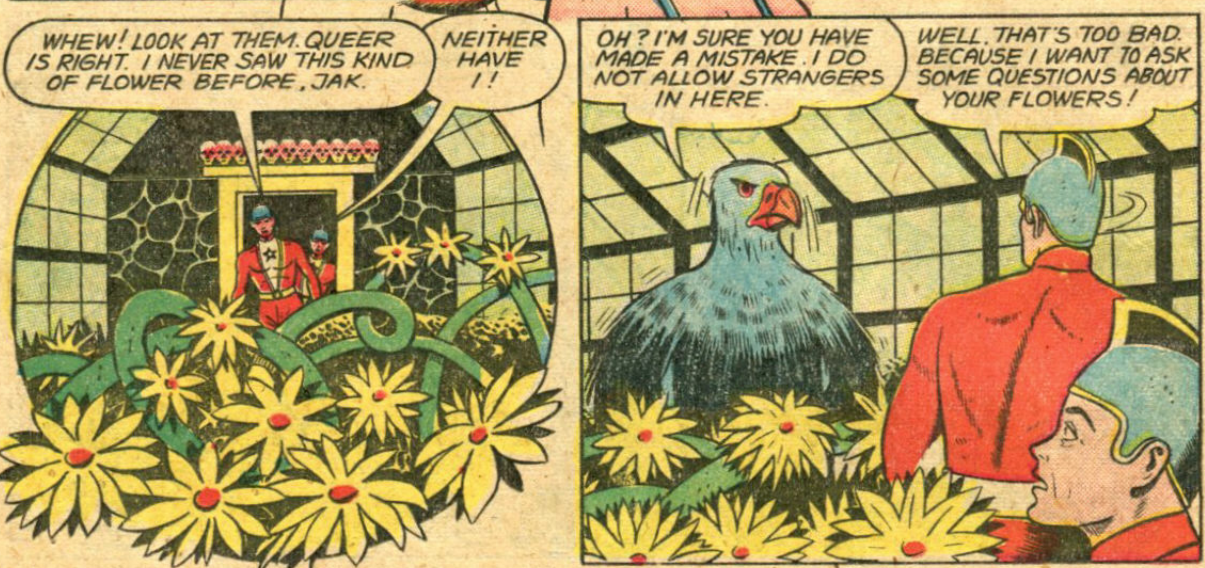
THERE SHE IS!... THE GIRL WITH THE SCAR ON HER THROAT!

AND SHE STILL HAS FLOWERS!

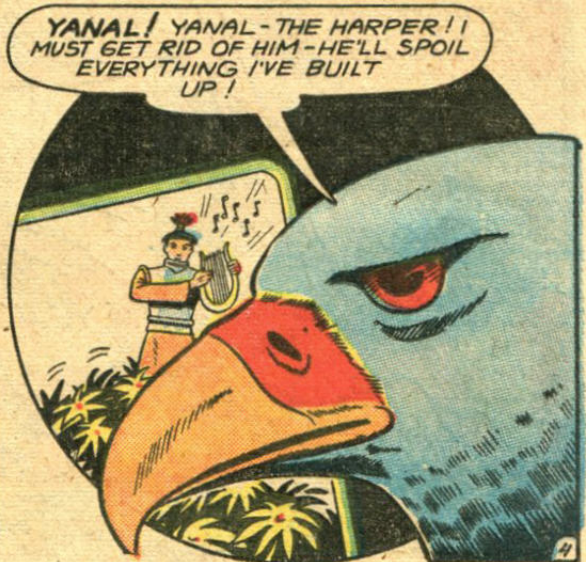
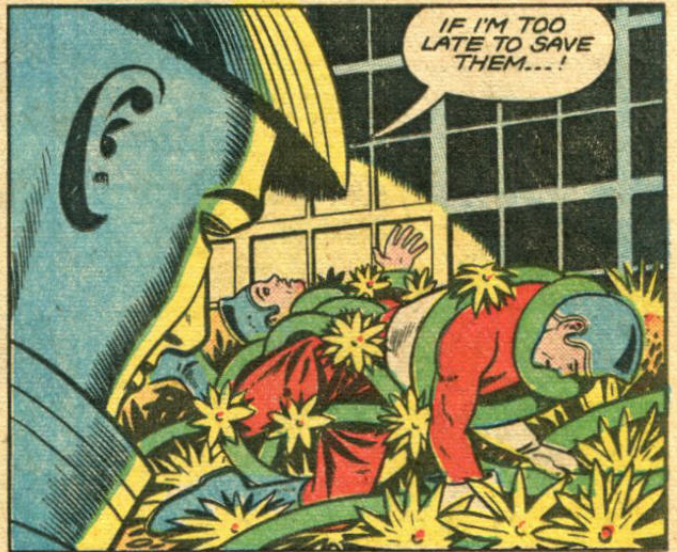
FLOWERS FOR SALE. ONLY A HALF CREDIT! FLOWERS...



MANHUNT



MANHUNT



MANHUNT



DON'T KNOW WHAT HE WAS PLAYING... BUT IT DID THE TRICK... JUST IN TIME!

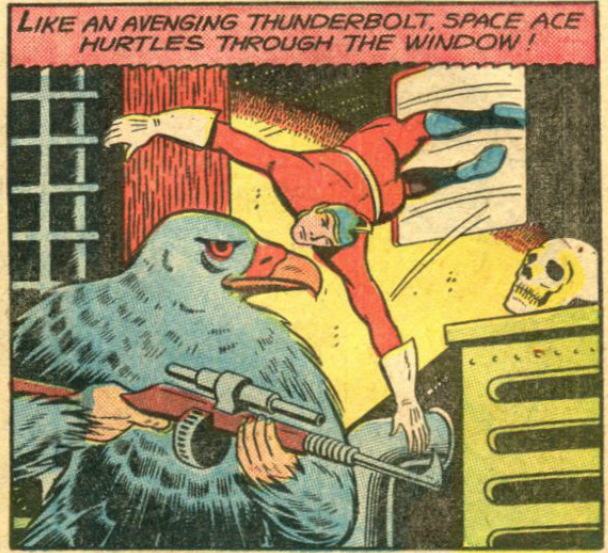


WHAT-

LOOK OUT!



THAT HEAT-BOLT CAME FROM THE WINDOW!



LIKE AN AVENGING THUNDERBOLT, SPACE ACE HURTLES THROUGH THE WINDOW!



YOU DON'T HAVE YOUR FLOWERS HERE NOW...!

-HOOWWF!



SEE HOW YOU LIKE THIS SORT OF STOMACH TROUBLE!



AWWK!

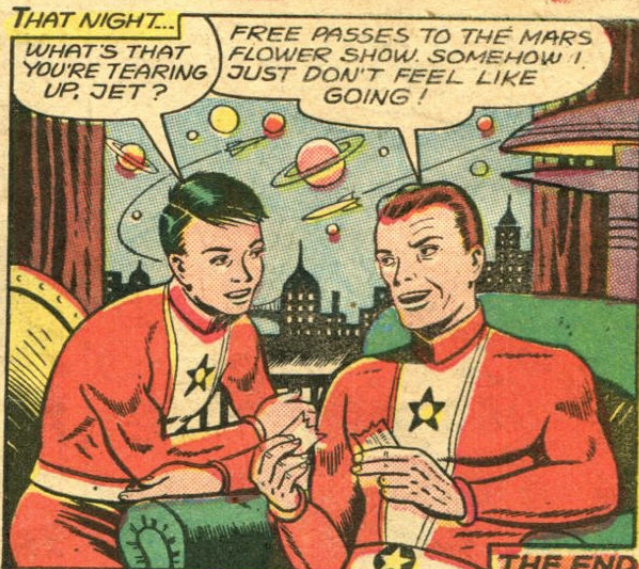
...AND THIS BEAK ACHES!

MANHUNT



EONS AGO THEY HAD A VAST CULTURE ON JUPITER. TO FIGHT THEIR ENEMIES THEY DEVELOPED LIVING FLOWERS THAT ACTED AS THE BIRDMEN COMMANDED BY MEANS OF MENTAL TELEPATHY. AS THEY DIED OFF, THEY USED THESE FLOWERS TO FIGHT THEIR ENEMIES.

WHEN ONLY FOUR OF THEM WERE LEFT, THEY LEFT JUPITER, CAME TO MARS. WITH THEIR KILLING FLOWERS, THEY INTENDED TO OVERCOME THIS CIVILIZATION... KILL THOSE IN POWER... ASSUME THOSE POWERS. I FOLLOWED THEM...



THE END

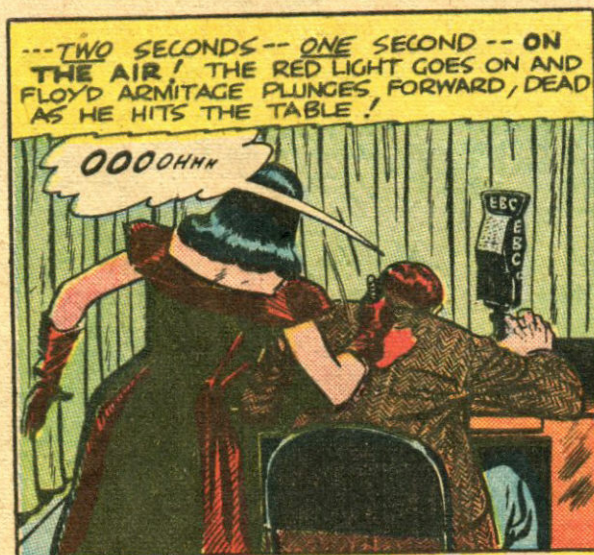
MANHUNT

UNDERCOVER GIRL



AS NEWSCASTER FLOYD ARMITAGE SITS DOWN TO MAKE THE GREATEST FIFTEEN-MINUTE TALK OF HIS CAREER, A DAGGER PLUNGES OUT OF MID-AIR--AND THE SCOOP THAT WOULD HAVE MADE HISTORY MAKES THE WASTEBASKET.... CENTRAL INTELLIGENCE WANTED TO KNOW MORE ABOUT THAT SCOOP--WHO KILLED ARMITAGE AND WHY?--SO UNDERCOVER GIRL WAS ASSIGNED TO SOLVE--

"THE RIDDLE OF THE RADIO-DEATH"



---TWO SECONDS-- ONE SECOND -- ON THE AIR! THE RED LIGHT GOES ON AND FLOYD ARMITAGE PLUNGES FORWARD, DEAD AS HE HITS THE TABLE!



SOMETHING WRONG IN ARMITAGE'S SPECIAL BOOTH! HE MOANED-- THEN NO SOUND AT ALL!

I'LL PLUG IN THE STAND-BY BAND. YOU SEE WHAT HAPPENED!



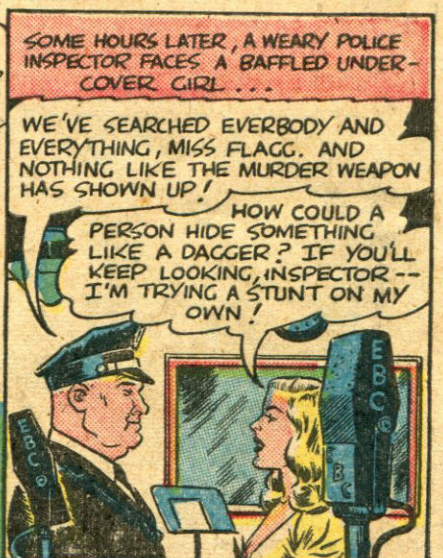
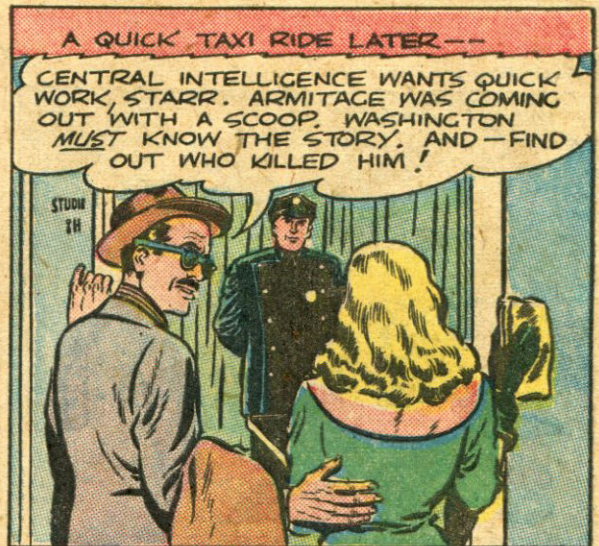
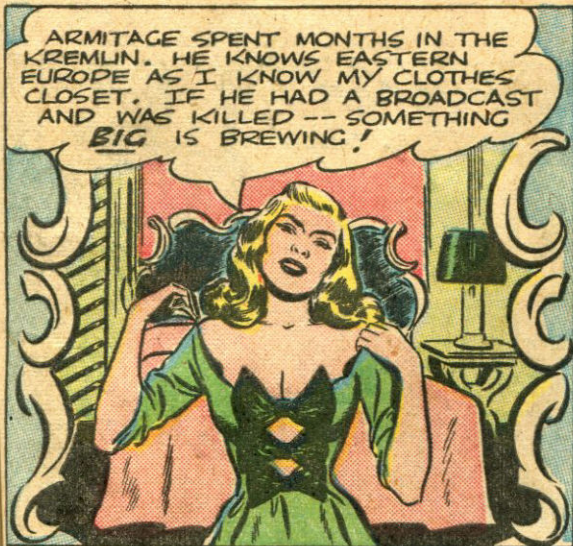
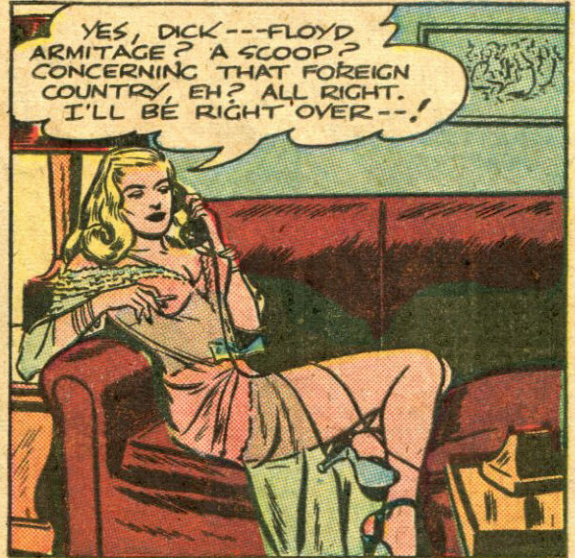
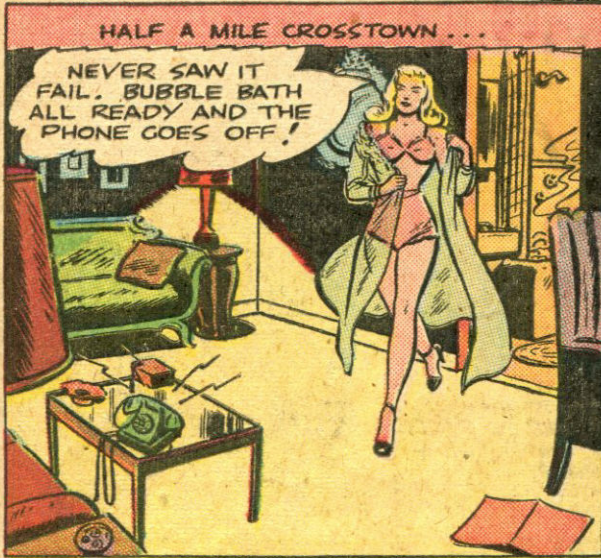
- GULP- HE-HE'S BEEN -- **MURDERED!**



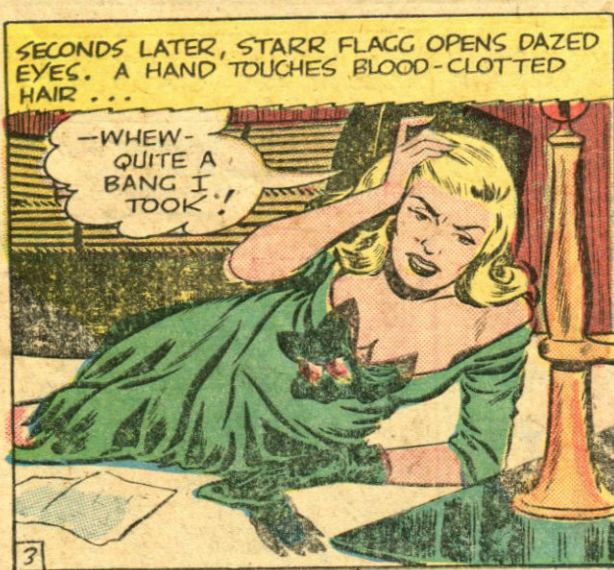
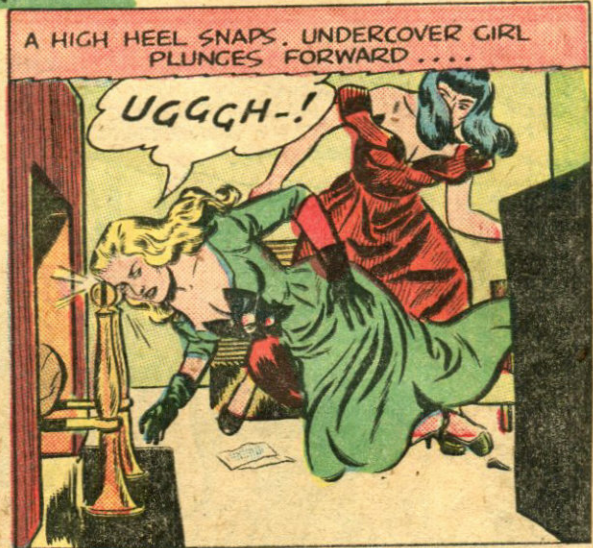
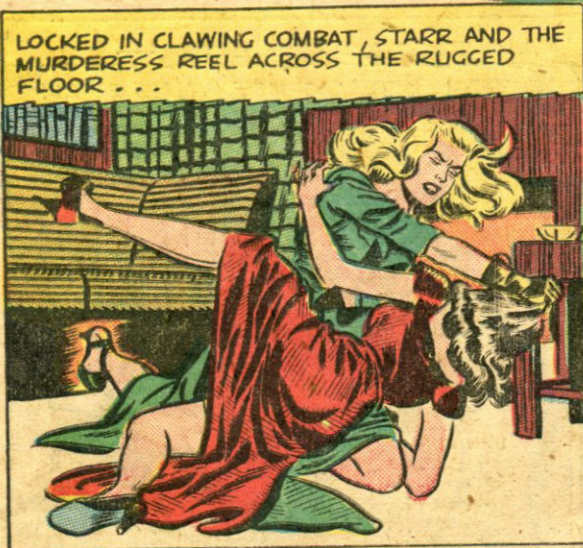
A HURRY CALL IS RUSHED THROUGH. THE NETWORK GUARDS AND THE POLICE COOPERATE TO CLOSE ALL DOORS ---

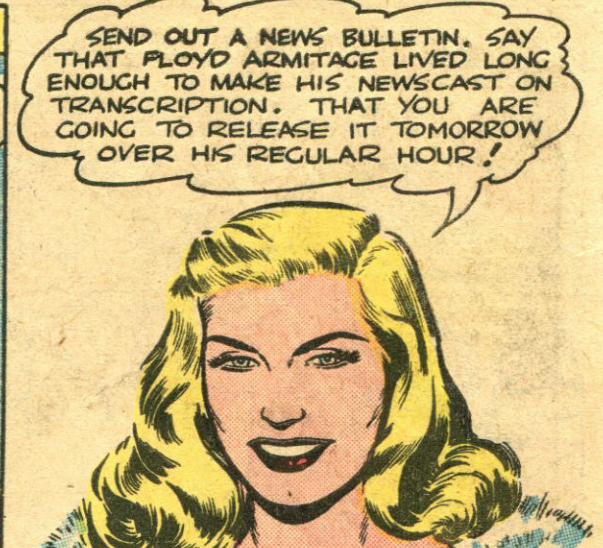
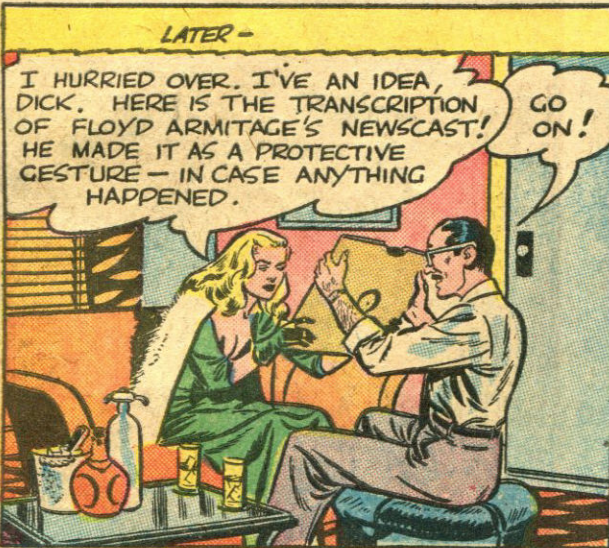
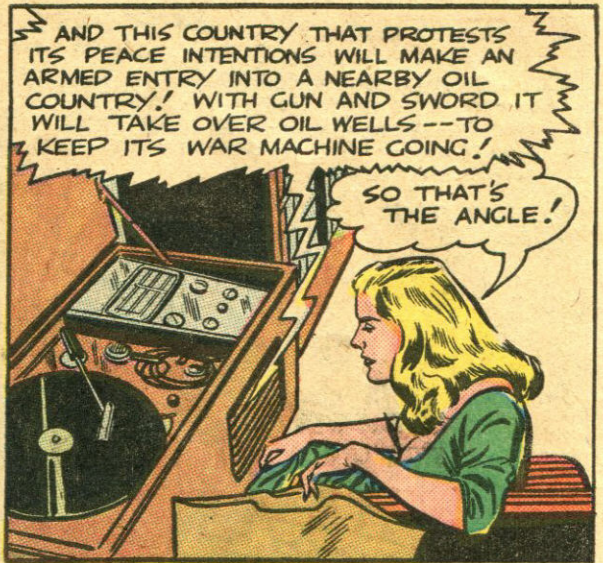
SORRY MISTER. MAN'S BEEN KILLED UPSTAIRS. CAN'T LET ANYONE LEAVE THE BUILDING!

MANHUNT

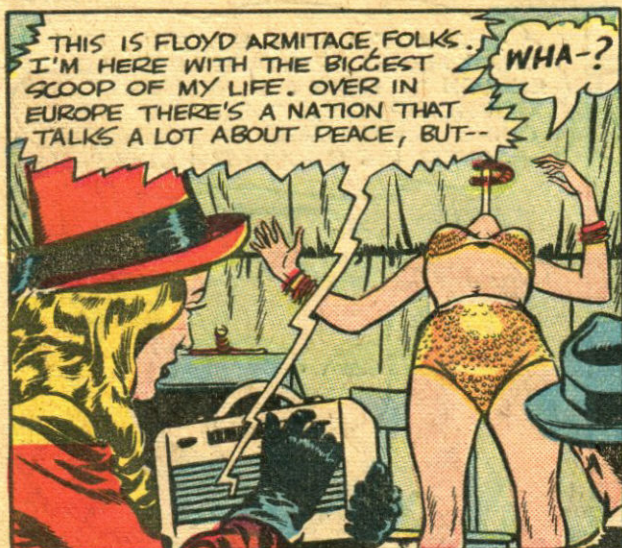
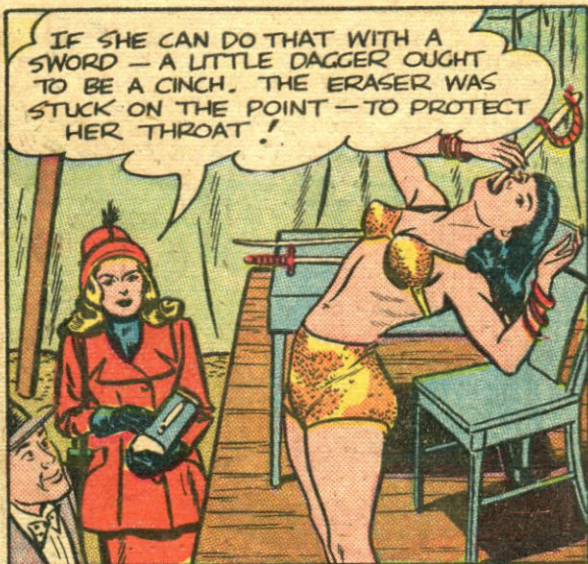


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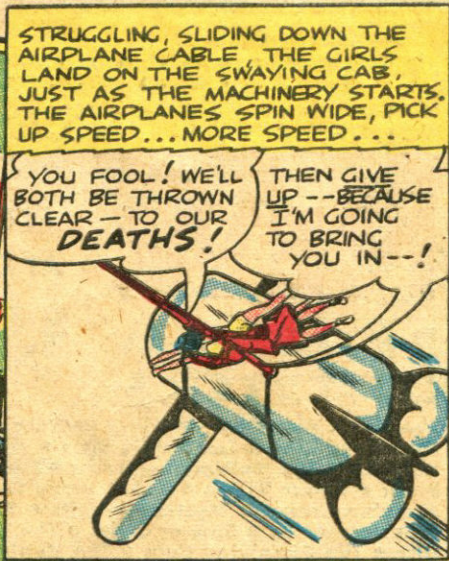




MANHUNT



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IN THE
NEXT ISSUE
OF
MANHUNT
UNDERCOVER
GIRL FACES
THE BATTLE
OF HER LIFE
IN —
"THE
HOUSE
THAT
SWALLOWED
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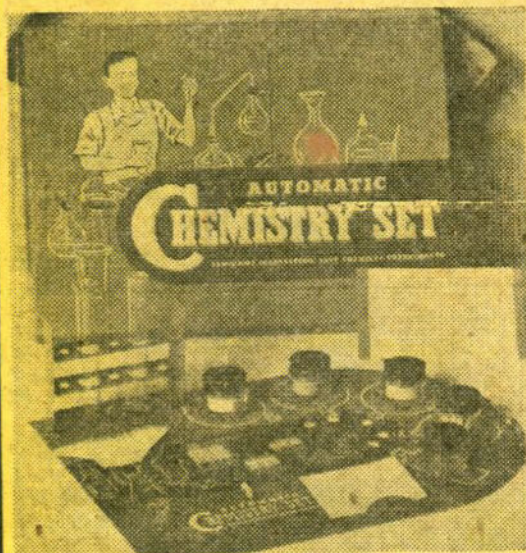
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He talked to the horse, swayed easily in the big Cheyenne saddle as the mare picked her way among the rocky slopes. Holmer reached down and loosened the Winchester .44-.40 in the saddle sheath.

The spent wheeeeenn of a bullet made him duck instinctively. He whirled, stared with incredulous eyes down below where a file of hard-riding horsemen were charging up the slope, waving rifles and shouting.

"How'd they come so close without me seein' 'em?" Holmer asked himself, digging rowelled spurs into his mare's flanks. "I looked to make sure—"

The explanation dawned on him as his eye caught the red sandstone mesa to the left that lifted its bulk up from the sandy floor of the plain. "Sure! They must've snuck up behind that, usin' it to hide 'em until they were almost on top of me. Well, they're goin' to have a run for themselves!"

He gave the fleet mare her head, bent low to make as small a target as he could on her back. The mare was rested. Those two days and nights holed up had filled her with energy. Her hooves twinkled going up the slope. She drew away easily, almost contemptuously, from the hallooing posse.

They flashed under the overhang of a black gneiss rock, turned right and fled into the narrow passage of a draw. Jag was grinning now. He would get away, all right. No need to worry. In this labyrinth of canyons and ravines, one man could hole up for days without detection. He slapped his big canteen, heard the water slosh in it. He had food, too, cans of beans and pork that he could eat cold if he had to, in his saddlebag.

The mare went deeper into the buttes. Jag began to recognize landmarks. This was the way he had lead his men down into the open range. He could find his way out of here and be well on his way before that posse could pick up his trail and follow it. He pulled back on the reins and sat listening.

The only sound that came to his ears was the faint whisper of a breeze that swayed the golden blossoms of the prickly-pear cactus. Jag chuckled, "Let 'em hunt. I'll hide the mare an' myself in a little draw, rest up, then be on my way by night. They'll never find me then!"

* * *

The sheriff took off his hat and wiped at his forehead with a dusty sleeve. He slumped dejectedly in his saddle, looked around at the sweat- and dust-stained men with him.

"He hightailed it away from us. We could hunt a week in these buttes without findin' him. It's worse'n findin' a needle in the proverbial haystack!"

A K-bar-J cowhand said, "Reckon yuh're right. Only thing is, it galls me like a saddle-sore to admit he lieked us!"

The sheriff nodded. He said, "We'll scout around, wait until dark. If we don't find him by dawn, he'll have got clean away."

* * *

Jag Holmer hunkered down, wrapping the loose bits of an old shirt around the mare's hooves. The moon was rising, filling the draws and canyons with bright silver light. Jag took off his guns, looped them over the pommel of the Cheyenne, covered them with a cloth so they wouldn't reflect moonlight. He draped his boots on the other side of the saddle.

In stockinged feet, he led the mare from the draw. They made no sound. Jag examined the mare and his own person for shiny articles and found none. He nodded, grinning.

"No noise, no light. I reckon we'll get through."

He led the mare, walking close to the base of the big cliffside that was bathed in silver moonlight. He avoided the loose shale and rock in the middle of the canyon.

For hours, Jag Holmer walked the mare, slowly and surely, turning and twisting with the turns and twists of the buttes. He knew that by dawn he would be on the far side, would be free to ride off without fear of pursuit.

He was bending to take the pads off the mare's hooves when he first caught the faint jingle of ring-bits and the clatter of horses' hooves on the rocky shale that lined the canyon floor.

Jag lifted his head, listened in growing alarm. He whispered, "They couldn't have trailed me. Not at night! Not through all these loops and twists!"

He hurried, but he was too late. The posse burst around a bend, guns up and levelled at him. He was caught, trapped! His sixguns and rifles still hung on his saddle. Slowly, Jag began to raise his hands . . .

As one of the hands slipped the noose around his neck, he blurted, "Yuh—yuh couldn't have caught me. I made sure of everything!"

The sheriff said, "Sure. Yuh made sure of everything, except one thing. Yuh walked close to the base of the cliff where the moonlight was bright. The cliff acted like a huge mirror. It reflected yuh on the opposite wall . . . elongated yuh until yuh were twenty feet high! Our lookouts were posted, saw yuh that way, an' we came runnin'."

Jag followed the sheriff's indicative finger to the canyon wall. *His shadow, gigantic and enlarged, was black on the whitish wall, like a pointing finger . . . a finger of doom!*

The End

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